

SCRAPPLE

THE AFTERGLOW

A Sequel to "Beyond the Great Oblivion"
By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

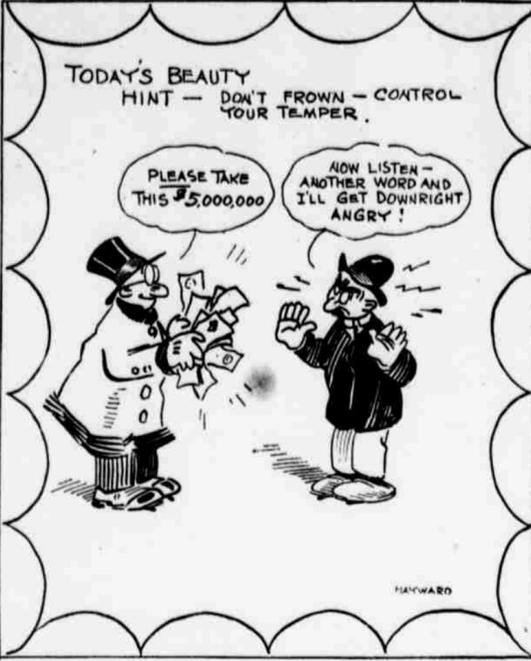
The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she saw in the paper that the railroads are giving a great deal of attention to physical valuation and she doesn't suppose there's any business where it's more important to have the employees in good health.

It's Called a Faux Pas
He—Will you go to the dance with me?
She—I'm sorry, I can't. But I'll introduce you to a very handsome and clever girl whom you can take.
He—I don't want a handsome and clever girl; I want you.—Tiger.

THE PADDED CELL



TODAY'S BEAUTY HINT — DON'T FROWN — CONTROL YOUR TEMPER.

PLEASE TAKE THIS \$5,000,000

NOW LISTEN - ANOTHER WORD AND I'LL GET DOWNRIGHT ANGRY!

SCHOOL DAYS



Gimmey crickets! I betcha Miss Moody licks us tomorrow for playing hooky!

Ah-h! She cant whip hard she licked me last week an' I didnt hardly feel it a tall!

More Apt to Be
Mr. Flubbud—That girl thinks no man is good enough for her.
Mrs. Flubbud—She may be right, at that.
Mr. Flubbud—Yes, but she is more apt to be left.—Detroit Free Press.



Some More War Maneuvers



SUMMARY OF PRECEDING STORIES
Allan Stern, a consulting engineer, and Beatrice Kenedick, his stenographer, wake from a long sleep in his office in the tower of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Building, New York city; they look about them and see the office interior fallen to decay, while below they behold a vast forest of great trees where New York city once stood. It is evident that their sleep has lasted through centuries, and that during this unconscious lapse the city has been destroyed by some great catastrophe. They seem to be the only survivors of the inhabitants of the western continent. They clothe themselves primitively and subsist on food which has withstood the ravages of centuries in glass jars.

THE STORY THIS FAR
Once more on earth, Allan and Beatrice bury the patriarch who was their friend in the abyss and who accompanied them to the old world, only to die at the first touch of the sun. Around the patriarch's neck is a chain and small locket which contains instructions where to find the records of the lost civilization. The paper crumbles as they read but the two gather enough to direct them. They start for their old home on the banks of the Hudson, only to find it occupied by the herds. The heat-savages destroy the buildings while Allan and Beatrice are attacking from the Paulliacs. In despair they make for Storm King, the mountain which is the sight of the great Gothic Cathedral. Here it is that some of the records are stored.

CHAPTER VII—(Continued)

"OPEN it quick, Allan!" Beatrice exclaimed. "If it is a phonograph, why, we can hear the very voices of the past, the dead, a full thousand years ago!"
With trembling fingers Stern slit the canvas wrappings.
"What a treasure! What a find!" he exclaimed. "Look, Beta—see what fortune has put into our hands!"
Even as he spoke he was lifting the great phonograph from the space where, absolutely uninjured and intact, it had reposed for ten centuries. A silver plate caught his eye. He paused to read:
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE,
New York City.

This phonograph and the records were immured in the vault of this building September 18, 1918, by the Philavox Society, to be opened in the year 2000.
"Let not the memory of our music perish!" he translated. "Why, I remember well when these records were made and deposited in the Metropolitan! A similar thing was done in Paris, you remember, and Berlin. But how does this machine come here?"
"Probably the expedition reached New York, after all, and decided to transfer this treasure to a safer place where it might be absolutely safe and dry," she suggested. "It's here, anyhow; that's the main thing and we've found it. What fortune!"
"It's lucky, all right enough," the man assented, setting the magnificent machine down on the floor of the crypt. "So far as I can see, the mechanism is absolutely all right in every way. They've even put in a box of the special fiber needed for the steel plates. Beta, everything's provided for."

AND THEN THE ROW BEGAN
"But all that's done and forgotten now, and we can only guess a bit of here and there. The tangible fact is this machine and these records. Beatrice, they're real, and we've got them. And the quicker we see what they have to tell us, the better."

CHAPTER VIII
"Till Death Us Do Part"
ALL right, my darling," he made answer. "But not here. This is no place for melody, down in this dark and gloomy crypt, surrounded by the relics of the dead. We've been buried alive down here altogether too long as it is. Brrr! The chill's beginning to get into my very bones! Don't you feel it, Beta?"

News to Her
A traveling man one night found himself obliged to remain in a small town on account of a washout on the railroad caused by the heavy rain, which was still coming down in torrents. The traveling man turned to the waitress with:
"This certainly looks like the Flood."
"The what?"
"The Flood. You've read about the Flood, and the ark landing on Mount Ararat, surely."
"Gee! Mister," she returned, "I ain't seen a paper for three days."—Harper's.

To Be Sure
"I seem to behold the vast, clear-lighted space above, the tiers of gilded galleries and boxes, the thousands of men and women hanging eagerly on every silver note—I see the marvelous orchestra, many, yet one—the Venetian scenes, the moonlight on the Grand Canal, the gondoliers, the merry-makers—I hear Giulietta and Nick-launce blending those perfect tones! My heart leaps at the memory, beloved, and I bless you for once more awakening it!"
"With my poor voice!" she smiled. "Play it, play the record, Allan, and let us hear it as it should be sung!"
He shook his head.
"No!" he declared. "Not after you have sung it. Your voice to me is infinitely sweeter than any that the world of other days ever so much as dreamed of!"
He bent above her, caressed her hair and kissed her; and for a little while they both forgot their music. But soon the girl recalled him to the work in hand.
"Come, Allan, there's so much to do!"
"I know. Well now—let's see, what next?"
He paused, a new thought in his eyes.
"Beta!"
"Eagerly they searched together."
"You don't find Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March,' do you? Look, dearest, see if you can find it. Perhaps it may be there. If so—"



The words of solemn sacredness, hallowed for centuries beyond the memory of man, rose powerful, heart-thrilling and deep with symbolism.

"My wife!" he whispered.
The satin of her skin from breast to brow surged into sudden flame. Her eyes closed and between her eager lips the breath came fast.
"Oh, Allan—husband! I feel—I hear—"

CHAPTER IX
At Settlement Chances
TEN days later the two lovers—now man and wife—were back again at the eastern tip of the Abyss. With them on the biplane they had brought the phonograph and records, all securely wrapped in oiled canvas, the same which had enveloped the precious objects in the leaden chest.

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home of humanity was not to be the distant regions of the East, involving so long and perilous a journey, but rather so long location in the vast warm central plain of what had once been the United States.

THE END OF THE ROAD
Dear Children—I was walking along a country road one day when I met a small boy. "Where is the end of this road?" I asked the little man.
"It ain't got no end," he replied.
His grammar was not correct, but that boy got me to thinking:
Where is the end of life's road?
Do you suppose "it ain't got no end"?
Let me ask you another question: How did the little boy KNOW there was no end to the road?
After he told me there was no end to the road, did I stop? Did I sit down and say, "Oh, well! There is no end to it, so I guess I will go any farther." No, I kept on going. I KNEW the road would take me where I wanted to go.
Where do YOU aim to go?
What is YOUR AIM IN LIFE?
Do you tell me that you have no aim, or that you are too young to think about such things. I was editor of a paper when I was in school. It was called the Paper Wad. Never mind the end of the road. See that the road you are on takes you where you want to go. Take the shortest road, for the shortest road is always the RIGHT ROAD.
You may walk up the side of the mountain, but that is the shortest way to its summit, but it is the hardest. So the RIGHT ROAD is sometimes the hardest to travel, but it pays, for it will get you where you want to go.
Your loving editor,
FARMER SMITH.

JUDGE GOAT
By Farmer Smith
Imagine the surprise of Billy Bumpus, Mrs. Bumpus and the court officer when they all looked up to see Judge Goat walk in.
"I thought I told you you couldn't eat for three days," said Judge Goat to Billy.
"I'm not eating," said Billy, getting up from the table and bowing very low. "Four Excelsior, your honor, and enough to sit here and have a little repast with my wife and I and your Excellency's servant."
"I have always heard of your wife as a fine cook," said the Judge.
"You fatter both," your Excellency. We would be only too happy to give you the heat that our house affords. I can wait until my three days are up if it pleases your Majesty. Your very wish is a command to me," said Billy, again bowing very low.
Now, the Judge had never been fattered so much before in all his life, and when he heard Billy address him as he did it tickled his vanity so that he smiled from ear to ear.
"Sit at the head of the table and carve," insisted Mrs. Bumpus, pushing the Judge into a chair and handing him a napkin.
"Willie, dear, will you see if there is any of that bric-a-brac soup left? Nothing in all the world would give me more pleasure than to have our honored guest have some of that soup."
In the kitchen Billy Bumpus was in the kitchen hunting up some of the soup that Billy hadn't touched. She heated some of the soup and put it before Judge Goat.
"I'm sorry, your Majesty, but I have some of this excellent soup," said Judge Goat.
Billy looked at his wife and smiled.
Then he said:
"I'm sorry, your Majesty, but I wouldn't eat any of that soup for any amount of money."
"How kind of you," replied the Judge, laughing in amazement. "The more I like this delicious soup, if YOU had some that would leave much for me."
"I learn by experience," said Billy.
"I never eat anything that has been stolen. If I did it would make me as bad as the one who stole the thing in the first place." Billy looked at his distinguished guest out of the corner of his eye.
"WHAT!" exclaimed the Judge.
"I mean that I was locked up for stealing the bric-a-brac soup was made from. That's the reason I don't want any more of it."
"I don't quite understand you," said the Judge in amazement.
"You don't, don't you? Well, you ought to be arrested for eating that soup. If I bric-a-brac that soup were stolen, you could be arrested for stealing them, you ought to be arrested for eating them. See?"
"Yes, I see," replied the Judge faintly. "The best thing you can do is to let me eat, too, and then we both will be in the same boat." Billy looked at his wife.
"Eat all you want to, only don't tell me," whined Judge Goat.
"I'll keep still this once, but never do it again, do you hear?" commanded Billy.
"Yes, hear, Mrs. Bumpus, soup for four, please."
At that moment the telephone bell rang and Judge Goat scooted under the table, calling: "Even waiting to feed out who's calling!"